A STORY OF FREDERICKSBURG. It was after the battle of Fredericksburg; The ground was strewn with the fallen foe, They lay in ranks on the side of the hill

With their front to us; and a boy could throw A stone to the nearest rank, so close Had they pushed their way to the frowning edge

Of our rifle pits in the last mad charge, When they struck our lines like an angry sledge. And fought up under the very guns Till the blue line wavered, and turned, and

broke. And the stragglers sullenly disappeared Behind the mantle of pitying smoke.

There was one tall man in the nearest rank, So tall he had towered above the rest As we watched him bearing the tattered

He lay with a rifle ball through his breast, We thought him dead, but he turned at last, And raised himself on his elbow there. And looked down over the bloody field, Then back at us in a fierce despair. We saw him fumble beneath his coat. And feelbly draw with a shaking hand A little package of letters stained With use and tied with a faded band.

He spread them out, and picked up one, The smallest letter of all the store. We knew that his eyes were filled with tears That blotted the tiny packet o'.r. He tried to read, but his head dropped low On his breast, and his hand fell nervelessly; But the stiffening fingers still kept their

On the words that his eyes could no longer

A murmur ran through the rifle pits; We had watched him there from our shel-

tered stand: We fell to wondering whose hand had traced The letter held in his big brown hand. "His wife!" said one; "No, his sweetheart, boys!"

Said another, "His mother," said one whose Was fresh and fair as a girl's; he dropped

His gun add clambered from out the place. He ran to the dead man's side and raised The hand, and there in a childish scrawl Was written, "I love you, papa dear." The hand had closed o'er the rest, and all That had cheered his soul in that lonely

place Was the simple note of a little child. And yet, it sweetened the taste of death, For it seemed to me that the dead man smiled.

-Hertert W. Collingwood, in N. Y. Sun.

THE VICAR'S BATH.

The Rev. Mr. Texter, vicar of Dottington, and his pretty daughter Daisy | confirmation! What on earth am I to were having a tete a-tete one brilliant August morning in the pleasant little room which the vicar called his study. That the tete-a-tete was not an altogether of an agreeable nature was very evident from the agitation of the girl and the vehemence of her father-a portly ecclesiastic with several chins and a pompous, self-satisfied manner. "I don't consider that he's a fit man

after a pause in the talk. "I think one has only to look at the style and cut of his clothes to form a very fair estimate of the sort of life he leads in town. I vicar's agony. know him to be in debt, to disfigure his mother tongue with the most hideous of metropolitan slang, to drink between meals-and yet you, Daisy Texter, daughter of the vicar of Dottington, never will love any other man. It's quite -but, gracious me! There's 9 o'clock before. What can I do?" striking and the confirmation's at 10, so that the bishop will be here a quarter of, ing swim-thanks to your foolish lovesick chatter! Still, if I rush off now clear my head and freshen me up for the shouldn't you put it on?" duties of the day, I will be off, and we will defer any further discussion until a more convenient opportunity," saying which the vicar left the room by the door, and the girl slowly went out by the French window, crossed the lawn, and descended to a narrow shady lane, where was waiting a young gentleman with an honest brown face, who was attired in a check suit of dittoes which, although of ordinary London cut, had variety of its hues on the obscure villagcorduraya

"It's no use, Gerald!" she exclaimed, when they met. "The pater's in an awful temper this morning and has been calling me all sorts of horrid names for loving you and declaring that I would continue to do so."

Mr. Gerald Maldon, who was the son of the squire of Dottington, took the girl to his arms and, kissing her quivering lips, said:

"What's his objection to me, Daisy?" "Why, he says you are what is called 'fast,' " replied the girl, "and he doesn't like your style of life, your style of conversation, nor your style of dress,

L"Style of dress, by jove!" exclaimed the young man, surveying the suit he had on with no little complacency. given the old fellow eighteenpence for course saw that some contretemps had Times. all he had!"

"That reminds me, Gerald," said Daisy, "there's a confirmation to day, so the bishop is coming and the whole place will be upside down. This, perhaps, has worried papa a little; therefore matters may not really be so bad as they now appear. He, however, would not miss his bath, so he has just gone of the whole congregation were fixed down to the river to take his usual swim. upon the astounding nether garments of It will doubtless cool his temper as well

as his body." "Gone down the river for a swim!" exclaimed the young man. "By jove! I'd give something to see him! I should rakish diversion. But a happy thought strikes me, Daisy dear. The bishop, as you know, is a rare good fellow, and, being an old college chum of the goverlieve, do anything for me. Keep your spirits up, therefore, my darling, for the great man is certain to come in and lunch at our house, and I will get the guv' to ask him to say a good word for us to the vicar. So good by, my wife that is to be, for I know it will be all right. I wouldn't miss seeing my future ill and brought him a glass of water. father-in-law taking his morning bath

for a good deal." Gerald Maldon, having kissed the girl again, hurried down the lane in the cd, and he should have an opportunity direction of the river. Carefully keep- in the vestry, he would tell the whole ing himself out of sight, he reconnoit- story to his grace. But when the moered. The pompous ecclesiastic had ment came he was so overwhelmed with just finished arranging his clothes in a neat heap on the bank, and was descend- mistook the humorous twinkle in the ing into the water with as much gravity bishop's eye for a look of scorn and indown his pulpit stairs. Mr. Gerald watched every movement, and saw the vicar slowly duck his head and ponderously strike out into the middle of the down the middle of the of the officers are made now which you must excuse me if I remark upon the exceedingly in the 1,000.

The death rate in Dakota is only five in the 1,000.

The death rate in Dakota is only five in the 1,000. consequence as if he were going dignation.

stream, until his bald head and full have appeared upon so solemn and pubshoulders were twenty vards away. Then quick as thought the young man crept forward, gathered up the reverend gentleman's garments under his arms, leaving only his towel and his boots, dea hundred vards off, and returned to his post for observation.

The church clock chimed half-past 9; the vicar in the water heard it and struck for the bank. His amazement and horror may be imagined when he saw that his clothes had disappeared, and that of my duty if I had not put in an appearnothing but the towel and the boots remained. For a moment he stood as if thunderstruck. Then he rushed about in all directions in a state of most unecclesiastical excitement and searched the bushes, peered under hedges, looked up into trees, all the time hurling a complete commination service on the heads of the unprincipled scoundrels who had made away with his wardrobe. A quarter to 10 struck. The church, the distracted vicar thought, would be now filling; the carriages of the country gentry would be dashing through the village street; his right reverence the lord bishop of Virginia Water would have arrived, and here was he, the most important man in the place after the squire, shivering on the banks of a river in a towel and a pair of boots!

The position was a terrible one. But no shipwrecked mariner ever descried sail, no desert traveler ever saw water, footsteps. Quickly he sprang back into the stream, and waited to see who wa coming. Te steps were those of somes one evidently not pressed for time, and who, from the nature of the song he was caroling, had certainly no intention of attending the ceremony at the village church, but they were the footsteps of a man, and at that moment the vicar felt the young fellow's one suit for your own that he could have hailed the presence of the most irreclaimable member of his parthe with delight.

The seconds which elapsed between his first hearing the footsteps and the appearance of the figure seemed to the vicar like hours, but at length Mr. Gerald Maldon emerged from the shrubbery with a pipe in his fingers and a ballad on his tongue commemorating the duplicity of a certain duke of Seven shore. While the eyes of every one on

"Hi! Mr. Maldon! Mr. Maldon!" shouted the vicar. The young man stopped short in the middle of the chorus, looked up in the trees, away the fields, behind him, and straight ahead of him-in fact, everywhere but in the right direction.

The vicar renewed his cries. "Hi! Mr. Maldon! Here! It is I, the vicar, I'm in the river! Some thief's gone off with all my clothes and I've to be at the church at 10 to assist at the

The young man gazed with admirably feigned astonishment at the bald head and the agonized red face of the halfsubmerged vicar, and giving vent to a prolonged whistle said:

"By Jove, sir, if you've to be at the church at 10 you'll have to hurry up, for it only wants five minutes now. bishop has already arrived, for he was to be your husband," the vicar resumed, | yarning to the governor about a quarter of an hour back." This was not strictly true, but it had the desired effect of intensifying the

"But I say, Mr. Maldon," said the trail of crimson blood staining the blue wretched vicar, "what am I to do? haven't time to get any fresh things from the vicarage. I can't go to the church as I am-no, no, I don't mean sigh and sob that you never can and that. But really I don't believe that at this point. The animal was of a

"Well," said Gerald, "there's only one way out of the difficulty that I can sugand I haven't had time to take my morn- gest. My suit is not, perhaps, of a particularly clerical cut and color, but it wouldn't show much under a surplice, there's just time for a hurried dip, and and you could run over to the church in as I am nothing without it, and as it will it without anybody noticing you. Why "But what are you to do?" gasped the

"Oh, it doesn't matter about me," replied Gerald; "I've nothing to do, and I've lots of tobacco and shall enjoy myall right here."

"But how can I assist at a confirmation in a-in a kind of seaside shooting suit? a loss to know how he manages to keep Still, I suppose there's nothing else to be done," said the poor vicar, waddling out of the water, and drying himself as fast reason why he should be pitied. He is produced no small impression from the as he could. "I'm sure, Mr. Maldon, I'm indebted to you-that I am. But ers, who rarely saw anything but the don't you trouble, thanks-that's it; a parson's broadcloth and the peasants' little long in the legs, perhaps, -oh! thanks!-no; never mind the necktie. There, that will do, and now I'll make a rush for it."

So saying the vicar doubled across the field as fast as his untrained condition would allow him, leaving Gerald with the towel and the boots, and exploding with laughter at the ridiculous figure the parson cut, ambling and stumbling along in the much-maligned suit of dit-

The vicar arrived at the church just as the clock was striking 10:30. To his horror the first person to meet him was the bishop, who fairly staggered at the spectacle presented by the most precise and pompous minister in his diocese.

"Extremely sorry, my lord," panted the exhausted vicar. "Had an accident -explain all afterward." The bishop "Surely he doesn't judge a fellow by his said nothing, but his looks spoke voldress. Why, when the bishop was at umes, although, being a prelate of an our house last spring I wouldn't have eminently humorous disposition, he. of

happened. What the poor vicar underwent during that interminable service nobody but himself knows. The surplice he wore was short. Gerald Maldon's trousers chancel rails, and he felt that the eyes the man who had never been known to relax so far from orthodox broadcloth as even to put on cricketing flannels. It was in vain that he endeavored to pay have thought he'd have been above such a proper attention to the ceremony at the surp!ice down at the sides until it split at the neck with a crack and exnor's and my godfather, he would, I be- posed the collar of Gerald's "seaside shooting coat," as its present wearer styled it. The perspiration now stood out in great beads on the poor vicar's forehead; his hands were hot as fire and he performed his part of the ceremony in such a nervous, agitated manner that the beadle thought he was going to be

The unfortunate vicar, who saw the bishop looking at him, determined that the moment the ceremony was concludconfusion that he was dumb, and he

lic an occasion.

"My lord." gasped the vicar, "appear ances are against me, I acknowledge. But when I have related to you what has happened I think you will admit posited the clothes under a hedge about | that, under the circumstances, I followed the only course open to me; and, although I am fully aware that clergymen. as a rule, do not officiate in garments of such a pattern as those I am wearing at this moment, I think you will admit that I should have fallen far more short ance at all."

So Mr. Texter related to the bishop the morning's adventure. "Well, sir," said the bishop, when the vicar had finished, "all that I can say is that you are very deeply indebted to the person who made such a self-sacrifice in order to extricate you from your unfortunate dilemma.'

"I feel that, my lord, and I hope to show it in some substantial way.' "May I ask the name of your friend

in need?" continued the bishop.
"Gerald Maldon," replied the vicar. "What! Gerald Maldon! the son of my old college chum?" asked the bishop, with astonishment.

"The same, my lord." This news burst upon the worthy bishop like a revelation. He was aware of Gerald's love for Daisy Texter, and also of the difficulties that had been thrown in his way by her father. He with more genuine joy than did the therefore soon formed an opinion of his vicar hear the sounds of approaching own as to how the little accident had occurred to the vicar's clothing. Suppressing, however, the smile that was brought to his venerable face, and with a determination to try and say a useful word to his friend's son, the worthy prelate took the vicar's hand and said:

"I am delighted to hear it, and I trust that, in the same way as you accepted convenience, you will accept his other for your daughter's happiness." And he did .- London Truth.

A Panther Boards a Steamboat. While the "Henry A. Tyler" was passing Savannah, Tennessee river, recently, huge panther jumped into the river from the bank opposite the city and made a bold swim toward the opposite the boat were directed to the graceful, tawny creature making his way rapidly and easily against the current he suddenly changed his direction, and made a bee line for the boat. Anticipating trouble the roustabouts gathered chunks of coal and awaited the approach of the heast. Reaching the guard, which was low in the water in consequence of a big cargo, he threw his huge paws upon it and with a bound gained a foothold. A fusilade of big coal chunks struck the animal in a dozen places, knocking him into the river amid hissavage growls and howls of pain. Almost immediately the now thoroughly infuriated beast again turned, and with a growl leaned clear out of the water and landed amid the knot of almost paralyzed negroes on the forecastle, where he crouched fiercely, with blazing eyes looking about him, snapping and snaring, while his long, graceful tail slowly swayed to and fro. At this moment Captain Hill, who had arrived upon the scene with a doublebarrelled shotgun, raised his weapon and sent a charge of buckshot into the panther's fore shoulders, which caused him again to leap into the river, and with a waters behind, the savage king of the Tennessee jungles rapidly swam to the shore, disappearing in the dense thicket and undergrowth which fringes the bank any man was ever in such a predicament tawny brown, about five feet lone, weighing not less than 200 pounds, and said to be the largest ever seen in that country .- St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Ex-King of the Dudes.

Berry Wall, ex-king of the dudes, still flouts about New York, wearing the newest of clothes, and driving the fastest of horses, and looking just as he did just before his fortune, except that the circle of friends who surrounded him a few months ago has disappeared, and that only a gambler or two is seen in his company. It is understood that his failure was complete, and people are at up his style. Occasionally regrets are heard expressed for him. There is no twenty-four years of age, and has managed to run through a fortune of \$350,-000. In doing so he managed to create a good deal of gossip in New York, Long Branch, and Saratoga, and to advertise extensively the fact that he had sixty or seventy su'ts of clothes. Wall has lost not only a fortune, but health. He stoops and trembles as if he were an old roue of seventy years. His people are rich, and he has several very aged relatives concerning whose demise he has expectancy, and doubtless if he lives long enough will again have plenty of money. There is some sympathy for this reckless young spendthrift expres ed by certain people. These people would not give pity to a widow who might be defrauded out of her means of livelihood by a plausible scoundrel, or to a hardworking man who is deluded into putting his life-time's savings into a wildcat scheme. Berry, they say, is a good

A Savage Fancy For Old Hats.

The group of islands known as the Nicobars, situate about 150 miles south of the Andamans, has been but little explored, though the manners and customs of the inhabitants of these islands offer very interesting peculiarities to the notice of the ethnologist. One of the most noticeable of these, and one which seriously affects the trade of the islands, says a trade contemporary, is the passion for old hats, which, without exception, was in vain he tried to hide himself; it pervades the whole framework of society. No one is exempt from it. Young and old, chief and subject, alike endeavor to ontvie each other in the singularity of shape no less than in the number of old hats they can acquire during their lifetime. On a fine morning at the Nicobars it is no unusual thing to see the surface of the ocean in the vicinity of the islands dotted over with canoes, in each of which the noble savage, with nothing whatever on but the conventional slip of cloth and a tall white hat with a black band, may be watched standing up and catching fish for his daily meal. Secondhand hats are most in request, new hats being looked upon with suspicion and disfavor. This curious passion is so well known that the traders from Calcutta make annual excursions to the Nicobars with cargoes of old hats, which they barter for cocoanuts, the only product of these islands, a good tall white hat with a black band fetching from fifty-five to sixty-five good cocoanuts. In:ense excitement pervades the islands while the trade is going on, and fancy prices are

FOR FEMININE READERS.

How London Belles Dress Their Hair. The hair is dressed very high in the evening and is either dotted over with combs, fancy-headed pins and jeweled butterflies, or ornamented with a tuft of real or ornamental flowers placed on the top of the head. Combs are in favor. and jewelers have recently been engaged in rearranging diamonds to form the enaulets like the skirt. high-backed Spanish comb or one with a back of single stones. They are worn either at the top of the basket plaits or put in slantwise on the side of the head, or firmly placed in the front to form a coronet with a pouf of small feathers at one end .- London Queen.

New Feminine Style in Gait. "Have you noticed the latest idea with the ladies?" said an observant Pitts-

burg shoe dealer the other day. "No. What is it?" asked the re-

"A new style of walking; don't you see? The real fashionable young lady doesn't dawdle along now as if she was going to have a tooth pulled. Instead of that she takes a quick, springy gait, not exactly as if she was in a hurry, but as if she enjoyed walking and was runng over with animal spirits and good health. That is the idea they wish to carry out. Summer is over and every young lady is supposed to have been either in the country or at the sea-shore. and come back full of vigor. It isn't the proper thing at all now for a young lady to be tired. She may be 'slightly fatigued,' but 'tired' is too great an acknowledgment of weakness. I think longer and more graceful ones which that the idea is a good one, anyway, and hang from the edge of the bonnet to the the very appearance of good health will | chin, and the better the lace the more in bring good health. At least it will bring outdoor exercise, and that is the next thing to it."

For the Silver Wedding.

One of the affectionate thoughts which a Hartford mother, parting with her daughter on her wedding day, delighted to put in form, was the preparation of a box in which, hermetically scaled, were placed various remembrances of the happy occasion. The case was of heavy tin, prettily lined, and contained, first. the bridal loaf. With this was laid various fauciful bonbons and favors from the refreshment table, some roses worn by the bride, and a piece of her satin dress; also enclosed were photographs of the bride (in her veil and sweeping robes), her new-made husband and her father, mother and brother. There were also lists of the witnesses of the ceremony and friends attending the reception. These and many other pleasant souvenirs of the occasion with a loving letter from her mother, were preserved to be opened to the light on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding. There is a world of possibilities between now and then for the girl who is leaving home for an untried existence, but what sweet memorics will not arise when, in 1910, the beautiful matron (if she live so long) shall open the sealed case, and breathing the aroma of the spiced cake and roses, shall read the words penned twenty-five years before by her mother's hand, and show these relies of the wedding day to her children.

A Craze for Short Hair in the West "Queer craze this," mused a south side

stylishly-dressed woman out of the big front door of his establishment. "Time was when woman gloried in her tresses, but she doesn't glory any more. Strange, too, that this mania should become so virulent just as winter is about to set in, and at a time when most women used to want all the hair they could pile on with. out disgusting the men folks about the house. But it is the style, and I don't see why us dressers should grum le, for every customer means seventy five cents in our pocket. Now let me think a moment. Yes, it was Ellen Terry who started the craze. Role Cleveland, the President's sister, was probably the first to catch the fever, and from this lady the contagion has spread until now nearly every city and town in the country has a large number of well-developed cases. Neither the young nor the old is spared. Why last week a woman about tortyeight years old came here and threw herself into one of the chairs like a three-times-a-week shaver. she want her hair cut? I should hurry to reply she did. I run the shears around and up and down the back of her cranium until I found some wrinkles back of her ears, and then I stopped. In a modest sort of way I told her of my discovery and recommended a mixture I have for removing the furrows of time. Why, sir, that woman was so humiliated that she left orders to have her tresses made into a wig and switch, and only yesterday I saw this lady promenading on

State street with her hair fastened on with pins, nets and strings. "Oh, this epidemic is just great. Let me tell you of another funny case over on the West Side. The wife of a wealthy man came home one night with her raven locks wrapped up in a newspaper which she carried under her arm. At the table the servant 'piped off' her mistress, and was stricken with the malady. Next day the girl climbed into a tour, and had reached Baltimore Saturfellow. Without disputing this judg -- barber's chair and paid forty cents for ment, we can dismiss him with the re- a Tammany hall hair cut. Then she the hotel and went to the nearest mark that there are different ideas of | was proud. She waltzed into her base- church. The usher took him up to the what constitutes a good fellow .- Troy | ment abode with a reckless hurrah, and When the mistress beheld her clipped servant she flew into a jealous passion, and, just to wound the poor self to casting sly glances to his seat-girl's heart, donned her bureau drawer mate. He concluded that she was fair. head gear she may be seen almost any day looking daggers at the humble bar-

ber shop across the street. "It's sad, though, when a red-headed girl catches the fever. This young lady around her neck and ears they are bound to come out and cause comment. I prejewelry, wigs and switches. When the mercury gets down ten or twenty degrees below zero you will see these young women coming around here for hirsute other day. One of the medicine men married. said that he was confident that the short hair craze would result in a large increase in catarrhal affections, and the undertaker bowed low and divided an apple with his companion."-Chicago

Fashion Notes.

Bonnet strings are fastened under the

Coliars and cuffs are made of beaded Lace of all ages is revived and will be fashionable.

Black has lost none of its favor with Bridal toilets are made now very sim-Plush and satin embroidered ribbons

are used for millinery purposes and fo trimming dresses.

Woolen lace is being shown in new and very beautiful designs, and is meeting with much favor.

Round brooches are again worn, and square brooches with bright enameled flowers are novelties. Overdresses of different material worn

with velvet or plush skirts have vests or Plush skirts are worn with overdresses

trimmed with gold or silver braid or open-work embroidery. High collars with stiff lining are seen on all woolen costumes. Linen collars or folds are worn with them.

Linen cuffs and collars, which have very improperly long been neglected, are again coming into use. Collars are high, very high, and render

'head up, eyes fifteen paces in front,' a position of necessity to the wearer. The newest pocketbooks, purses, cardcases, etc., are made of Etamine canvas finely embroidered with gold or colored

The bracelet with the spring is no longer used. Those of flexible gold links fastened with old-fashioned clasps are the correct thing. Chamois-leather gloves are still fash-

silk.

tan, and a little ammonia will cleanse them; but it must be done on the hands or they will shrink. Veils are coming to the fore again. Not the style that wore off the eyelashes and jeopardized the sight, but the

ionable. They are useful in warding off

style you will be. Cut-glass imitation garnets are a charming novelty for trimming party dresses. They have long been used for fancy jewelry, and are now made in the shape of round long beads. These ruby red drops have a charming effect on a light,

bright silk ground. The old fashioned coat which our mothers wore at the basquine, introduced by Eugenie in the first days of her pride and power, is revived, and bids fair to be fashionable; it is close fitting, with long, straight skirt and full pleats at the back to accommodate the now universal bustle.

A simple but elegant dress has side and front of skirt in drab striped plush. with drapery in a corded fabric in a lighter shade, The basque has vandyke in back and front vest of plush; the noticeable features of the dress, however, is the grace with which these draperies are arranged, the odd loopings and closing of all parts being effected by immense hooks and eyes of old gold.

Cameron Bargains With His Barber-

It does not look as though the venerable Simon Cameron ever expects to dic. He is chipper and bright always, and as full of jokes as when he cast his first vote and knew nothing of the cares, anxieties and responsibilities of statesmanship and political leadership that were in store for him. An Irishman named Dick Connelly, a barber of Harrisburg, has been shaving the general every day, when he is at his Front street mansion, for many years. The general is very fond of Dick and not only delights to joke with him. hairdresser as he bowed and scraped a but gives him the benefit of many a reminiscence that nobody else has ever heard. The other day while Dick was she fretted so much, never sleeping day flourishing a razor in his most artistic style about the old man's chin he said to the general: "Gineral, Oi hope Oi'll be here to

shave ye when ye're 100 years old." "I hope you will," replied the general. cheerily. "And I'll tell you what I'll do, Dick: If you shave me when I'm 100 years old I'll make you a present of the handsomest horse and carriage that money can buy. But you must agree to shave me every day in the meantime."

"But what if Oi become a millionaire, an l git elected to Congress?" "That doesn't make any difference. You will have to get your barber tools together, sacrifice your constituents and

come to shave me.' "But, gineral, what if Oi die?" "You must shave me, dead or alive. If you don't you won't get the carriage and horse. Is it a contract?" "Done, gineral; Oi'll go yez," decided

Dick, and the old statesman and his barber shook hands warmly. "Bedad, Oi'll git the carriage," exultantly remarked Dick afterward; "that is, if the good Lord spares me."-Philadelphia Press.

McClellan's Love Romance.

A very interesting story has been told about McClellan's first meeting with his wife, says "Carp" in the Cleveland Leader. He married her, you know, in 1860, and the relations of the two during the last quarter of a century have been the happiest. Mrs. McClellan accompanied her husband everywhere, and was a helpmeet in the true sense of the word. She was very proud of her husband, and was very sensitive to any ridicule of him. He met her in church in Baltimore in 1860. one cold Sunday morning. He was then traveling through the country on a health day night. The next morning he left front and seated him in a pew which got dinner with a masculine dash. was already occupied by a very handsome young lady. The sermon was prosy, and Mr. McClellan devoted himswitches and pompadours, and in this As he caught a fuller view of her he decided that she was beautiful, and when at last she saw her features and her eyes looked into his, he felt that he had met his fate. As they passed out of the pew the young lady blushed under McClellan's is all right with long sunset tresses; but admiring gaze. He followed her home with them off the back of her head looks and found that she lived in one of the like a brindle doorstep rug. Then, be- handsomest houses of the city. On inside, if freekles have been hiding quiry he found that the house was owned by Gen. R. B. Marcy, the father of one of his schoolmates at West Point. dict a great and immediate craze for hair McClellan at once called upon young Marcy, and through him obtained an introduction to Marcy's sister Ellen. He began to pay her attentions and found upon acquaintance she improved. His blankets and the like. I overheard two love was reciprocated. They were endoctors talking with an undertaker the gaged, and in May, 1860, they were

Like Kris Kringle.

"Why am I like Kris Kringle, Kate?" Smiled Harry, courting late in clover; "Because," she yawned, "we know so great A pleasure when your visit's over." "Oh, no! that isn't right, Miss Green,"

Groaned Harry, at the clock a glancing;
"Kris Kringle's presents, Kate, I mean
Must be—like mine—to you entrancing." "Indeed! your presents? why," laughed she,

"I never knew you to make any."
"I mean my presence here," blushed he,
"Must—that is—might give pleasures

"Perhaps, if you were like St. Nick," Smiled Kate, "Oh, tell me how," cried Harry. "Well then," she said, and made him sick, "Come once a year and never tarry."

—H. C. Dodge.

TEMPERANCE TOPICS.

If he'd only let liquor a'one!"

can picture without seeing.

fresh flowers!"

chandise.

The Little Grave.

It was the day of the wine market;

"Please buy my flowers! my sweet,

The voice was very young, ringing and

musical, and at the sound thereof many

turned, to discover only a little maiden

of some ten or twelve summers, pacing

back and forth beneath the walls of the

lunatic asylum, which since the fime I

am telling of has been removed thence

for lack of space to its new site on the

Eichberg. A basket of myrtle hung on

the one arm, while in the hand of the

other she held a bunch of the fragrant

sprays, as though to tempt, as it were,

the passer-by into buying her pretty mer-

A young man passed; he was the son

of the pastor of the Cloister church,

Johann von Hohenburg by name; his

face was good, clever and bright, and

his blue eye sparkled with the fresh,

sweet glory of the world-a glory which

seemed to fall also upon little Gerba, the

flower girl, as his gaze then rested upon

her. "I'll buy thy flowers, little one,"

he said, gaily, taking the bunch from

her hand and leaving in its stead a silver

"This is too much money, Herr Jo-

hann, unless you will take all my flow-

ers," faltered Gerba, holding out as she

"And they are too many, u. less you

take all the money I have"-and Johann

clinked together a couple or so of stray

coins which still remained in his pocket

with such a comical air that the child

laughed also, in a way which was truly

Only for a moment, however, did this

merry mood last; for the next, pointing

gravely toward the grey walls, and

quaint old window close by, she said

with finger on lip, as though in mute re-

proach upon herself, "My mother is in

there, Herr Johann, and folk say she will

"Poor child!" The word of sympathy

"It was about father's going away that

"Yes, I know," and taking the child's

hand Johann tried to lead her away.

"Come, I'll sell thy flowers," he went

on; and so together they passed into the

busy market-square, where men sold

wines and men bought, while those who

did neither yet paused to drink (as

though about to purchase) from the

sellers' ample goblet, which according to

custom is presented to all. And Johann

tasted with the rest, afterward chinking

his stray bits of money, and then with a

laugh and a jest going on to another, till

in time a remote corner of the square was

reached, where stood many of Johann's

friends, gay, rollicking fellows like him-

self, and who, like himself, judging

from their flush faces and excited talk,

had a'so indulged in the "pearl of

"How now, Johann!" And then Jo-

hann, holding up his hand for silence,

told them of the child's bereavement,

and of his having offered to prove sales-

man on her behalf. Oh, but they had

kindly hearts, though in many cases

their pockets were well nigh empty-

one by one paid for a spray of flowers as

he could, wherewith to adorn his button

hole, one by one said some kindly words

to the little girl in turn, although from

many of them, as Johann felt, the child

Now the little one had no hold upon

Johann-none whatever; therefore it was

in very kindness, the kindness of a true,

loving, and manly heart, that leaving

bornchen, which flowing from the moun-

gloriously in the Rhine river, which with

its tiny power it helps to swell. It was

a day of fairy pleasure to little Gerba, to

sit there while her companion told tales

hann-something which I fear you scarce

faltered, and her blue eyes looked misty

"Say on, child. I won't be angry."

and bad, and what made him go away.'

She was sobbing a little, and yet she

would have her say. "Years ago, Herr

Johann. I have heard that he was once

good and kind, as you" (her hand touches

his fondly), "but he did what you have

done to-day—he tasted of the wire at

the market; and, Herr Johann, I hate

wine, for when my father grew to liking

it more and more, it made him wicked

and my mother miserable. It was her

tears, they say, which drove him to leave

us; but oh, it was the wine which

brought the tears to her, and made me

without a mother. And now, Herr

to build the same while men slept.

when she raised them to his.

shrank back in fear and dislike. .

never come out again."

dropped deeply down.

nor night, and so-and so-"

refreshing after her pathetic sadness.

spoke the basket for his acceptance.

back my father some day, and through A Common Character him my dear mother, too? I have thought He never did any good work in his life, He's a man who from danger would shrink, of it so much, and it seems that the dear He's always neglected his children and wife God who is so just will give me him for And squandered his earnings in drink. gnorant, selfish, uncultured is he, another, if I can but keep one from the Yet people by whom he is known, Remark with a sigh, "What a man he would tempting evil. Be that one, Herr Johann,

for I love you!". And in the evening glow the promise -Boston Courier.

do what is right, may not God give me

Years and years after, in the graveyard and not yet had the sun reached its full of the Cloister church, an old worn-out splendor. Will you not try to picture man knelt, weeping bitter tears over a to yourselves, my friends, a lateral valley little grave-tears of repentance and reof the Rhine, lying amid fresh green gret. Strangely enough, an unseen hand meadows, and surrounded on all sides had guided Johann, even at this late by mountain heights, showing up as hour of life, to the haunts of Gerba's dim, aspiring forests, in the glad sun- miserable and debauched parent; to him shine resting above it all? If so, then he told the tale I have told you, with you have Eberbach—only Eberbach with- him he pleaded earnestly in his child's out its real glow, since that you never name, who was dead and gone on before to a better land .- E. Searchfield.

Corrupting the Voung by School-Books.

Bad enough is it to run risks on account of the vicious character of the light reading sought after so much by the young, without having wicked mischief in the course of study imposed by law. Every citizen is deeply interested in the course taken by commissioners and boards of education in providing schoolbooks bearing upon elementary physiology. We must see to it that the law is not evaded. To teach a child at school that the moderate use of alcohol is good as an invigorating beverage when the law makes the selling of liquor to that child a criminal offence; to prate about the moderate use of liquor when the country spends annually eight hundred and fifty millions of dollars for rum and about eighty-five millions for education; to teach that the use of alcohol can be of any real or comparative good to brain. muscle, or nerve, when the great daily press so reeks and teems with the record of crime and abomination wrought under the influence of alcohol as to make the ordinary newspaper no longer fit to come under the eye of a pure family and household-all this is to stultify all concerned .- Christian Advocate.

Temperance Notes.

A Japanese proverb says: "A man. took a drink, the drink took a drink. and then the drink took the man."

The Knights of Temperance is the name of a new organization just started in New York to do battle against King Alcohol. The ritual and insignia are modeled after those of the Knight Templar. The badges and standards are inscribed with the motto: "Sobrietas, Reverentia, Puritasque."

The study of the drink question in Switzerland has disclosed the fact that the use of alcoholic beverages is largest. in those cantons in which wages are lowest, and the people are the poorest. Drunkeness tends to poverty and want; and then this state of things fosters the

Blue Ribbon beer, manufactured in Toronto, and claimed to be a temperance beverage, was tested a few days. ago on two men, each of whom drank seven glasses in an hour and a half and then became drunk. The court thereupon decided that the stuff was ictoxi-

Beer is mere dangerous than whisky. That is the verdict of the Scientific-American, which sets forth that the use of beer is found to produce a species of degeneration of all the organs; profound and deceptive fatty deposits, diminished circulation, conditions of congestion and perversion of functional activities, local inflammations of both the liver and kidneys, are constantly present. A slight injury, a severe cold, or a. shock to the body or mind, will commonly provoke acute disease, ending fatally in a beer-drinker.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"Belles" call many people to church. -Chicago Ledger. Selfish men are decorous. They never

forget themselves .- Picayune. It is the man who can't raise the wind who does the most blowing .- Merchant-

habit a secret. It will leek out some way .- Lynn Union. Schoolma'am-What is the poetical name of ancient Greece? Pupil-Oleo-

No man who eats onions can keep the

his friends to themselves, he led her margarine. - Boston Courier. away-away to the banks of the Peters-"What is ease?" asks a philosopher. Ease is a thousand-dollar salary and a tains downward, sheds beauty in its hundred-dollar job .- St. Louis Critic. way, till at last it loses itself utterly and

A novel has just been announced with

the title "In Haying Time." We suppose it must have a grass plot. - Puck. In England they are still in fear of the dynamiters, and a man dare not blow of the past, of the wild boar who had up his wife without exciting suspicion.

fixed the site of the ancient cloister, and Chicago pie bakers live only fifteen who in company with angels had helped years. Do their customers murder them, or do they eat their own pies .-Courier Journa'.

"I want to say something, Herr Jo-There are 8,000,000 piano players in this country. We have much to be thankful for; it might be 10,900,000, or will like to hear." The child's voice even more. - Danville Breeze.

Mr. Oldbeau (to young rival, before young lady to whom they are both atten-"Well, then, Herr Johann, I want to tell you what made my father unkind

tive)— Why, bless me, Charley, how you've grown: — Harper's Eazar. A Sioux chief is learning how to ride the bicycle, and the final extermination

of the aboriginal race is now only a question of time .- Lowell Citizen. A famous tencr has injured his voice by having a toothpick lodge in his throat. He probably swallowed the

toothpick to give his voice more timbre. It must be expensive living
For the angels up in the sky,
For we all know, both sunt and sinner, That a rent in a cloud is high.

-Boston Budget. "I can always tell," says Jenkins, when a little boy has marriageable

sisters by the attention which he receives from the young men."-Slockton Maver-"Do you think Johnny is contracting

Johann, won't you give up even the tastbad habits at school?" asked Mrs. Cauing, lest you should go on to worse, like tion of her husband. "No, dear, I don't. him? Oh, do! for you have been kind I think he is expanding them," was the to me, and if I can make you promise to the reply.—Pitisburg Telegraph.